

## Cupid's Test of Love

By H. M. EGBERT

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When Rev. Aloysius Smith went out of his study and saw the man standing in the hall he could not repress a shudder of disgust. Broad as an ox, with short and rather bowed legs, still his figure was that of an Adonis compared with his face. And the last straw was that his name should be Cupid.

"Come in, my friend," he said after an effort. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm looking for a position in Little Falls, sir," answered Cupid respectfully. "I've been working as a porter in town, but my health gave out and I was told to go to the country. So I came here. It was a bit of a walk, sir. I can show you good references, in case you know of a job."

The pastor looked at the fellow with a repugnance which he could not conceal.

"I know my face is against me, sir," said Cupid with a smile.

And it was astonishing how the smile changed him. Cupid smiling looked almost decent.

The pastor raked his brains. He took a sudden liking to the man, and he was resolved not to be prejudiced against him on account of his looks.

"Miss Cavendish was wanting a handy man to take care of her garden and pony," he said. "I don't know whether that is in your line, my friend."

"I was bred on a farm," answered Cupid. "I think, sir, I could manage the job if—if you'd see Miss Cavendish first and—mention my looks, sir."

That softened the pastor completely. He called up Miss Cavendish on the telephone and broke the news as considerably as possible. "The man is afraid he doesn't look very prepossessing," Miss Cavendish explained.

"Well, send him round and I'll judge for myself," answered Miss Cavendish. And a few minutes later Cupid de-



"For the Last Time, I Warn You to Leave Miss Cavendish Alone."

parted. That night he returned, radiant.

"I've got the position, sir, and I'm ever so grateful," he said to the pastor.

Miss Cavendish was a maiden lady of about forty years.

Sensible, though a little "queer," and very determined—it is a type common in New England. Before a month had passed it was realized that she had got a treasure. Cupid had been almost the round of the town in search of employment before he went to the pastor. Many regretted that they had been prejudiced against the man on account of his appearance.

Miss Cavendish had a beau. Not that she hadn't had heaps during the course of her life; but somehow nobody had proved quite good enough for Miss Cavendish. She was of that fine metal which won't take the rust of life, and sooner or later all her sweethearts had received their discharge. But Mr. Henry Norman was different.

A year or two older than Miss Cavendish, very soft-spoken, he was the sort of a man whose very floweriness makes one think there may be more wrong with him than appears on the surface. People sort of distrust Mr. Norman. But it was easy to see that Miss Cavendish was infatuated with the man. Mr. Norman didn't like Cupid. The two came from the same town, and though it was not likely that they had ever been closely associated, Cupid seemed to know something to the discredit of Mr. Norman. At least, that was what people surmised. Cupid never spoke—just smiled his way into the heart of Little Falls.

Cupid had been a married man. Joe Rogers was questioning him one day, in the days before we learned to respect Cupid. He asked him if his wife was coming out to Little Falls to live with him. Joe Rogers never had much feeling.

"No, sir," answered Cupid, turning white.

"Dead, hey?" asked Joe Rogers.

"No, sir," said Cupid, looking straight into Rogers's eyes. Somehow Joe Rogers found an excuse to back away. He never questioned Cupid after that.

Joe Rogers was at work in charge of the men who were repairing the big dam above Little Falls. It had been called dangerous; people said

that if ever it burst the flood would sweep away Little Falls as the flood had destroyed Johnstown, and nobody would have time to do anything but pray, and pray fast. Meanwhile the dam was progressing toward completion. With the re-enforced concrete structure no one thought it would break.

We used to hear gossip of the Cavendish household from Emma, the black maid. That was how we learned that Henry Norman didn't like Cupid. In fact, it was said by her that the first time the two men met Mr. Norman looked as though he had seen a ghost, while Cupid drew himself up, stiff and looked at Mr. Norman in a way that made her blood run cold. However, Emma, faithful old soul that she was, was fond of romancing. Still, we knew that Mr. Norman had tried to persuade Miss Cavendish to get rid of Cupid. Miss Cavendish refused. She always had a will of her own. They nearly quarreled, over it till Mr. Norman saw that it was a case of yielding or losing Miss Cavendish—or her money.

That was the bitter part. Joe Rogers found out that Mr. Norman was a bankrupt. He had hidden away enough of his property to enable him to dress like a gentleman, and to bring Miss Cavendish expensive flowers; but he wanted her cool fifty thousand, everybody knew. But nobody is going to meddle in such affairs. Folks are cowardly in small towns. As for Cupid, whatever he knew, he kept quiet about it. He worshiped Miss Cavendish. That was easy to see. But people said he wouldn't hold his position long after the marriage, which was only four weeks away.

Now comes the astonishing part of the story. Emma said she saw Cupid talking to Mr. Norman. The two men were at the gate of Miss Cavendish's house, and Norman was on his way home after a call when Cupid confronted him. What Emma was doing there she did not pretend to explain.

"For the last time I warn you to leave Miss Cavendish alone," said Cupid.

"You scoundrel!" blurted Norman. "I'll have you arrested for blackmail, I'll—"

"We know all about that, Mr. Norman," answered Cupid wearily. "You are relying on my not daring to bring my wife's name into court. Maybe you are right up to a certain point, but not when it comes to sacrificing a woman like Miss Cavendish."

What Norman answered Emma could not hear, but she saw Cupid clench his fists and Norman start away. And, as Cupid watched him slink by there was a queer look on the man's ugly face. It almost seemed as though he realized Norman was a coward and was meditating about it.

"If the dam don't burst tomorrow she can't," Joe Rogers had said, and everyone repeated it. The key to the solid wall of masonry was to be swung into position the next day. Some had said that the laying of the great blocks had disturbed the foundations of the old dam, but Joe ridiculed that. After ten at night the following day the dam couldn't burst unless an earthquake struck it, he insisted. People grew a little nervous as the evening wore away. Black Emma had heard Miss Cavendish laughing tell Mr. Norman, who was visiting her that evening, and she said the man seemed scared when Miss Cavendish told him their house stood right in the line the torrent would take.

Only Emma saw what happened at the house that night, and we have to rely on her. It seems that Norman was within half an hour of departing—the two had been reading some book together—when Cupid rushed into the living-room without the preliminary of a knock.

"The dam's burst!" he yelled. "There's just two minutes before the flood catches us. Run for the hillside or you'll be buried under a hundred feet of water!"

Emma screamed naturally, but she was not so terrified as Norman. He stared at Cupid with wild eyes for the tenth of a second. Then, with a yell, he was upon his feet, out through the door of the window, which fell in splinters all about him, and speeding with all his might for the hillside. And just as Emma and Miss Cavendish turned to run Cupid caught them.

"It's a lie!" he cried. There was a look of triumph upon the fellow's face. "The dam—the dam hasn't burst and never will!"

Emma said that for a moment Miss Cavendish stood still, watching his face. Then suddenly she put her hands to her own and burst into hysterical tears and laughter. You see, she had been brought to a realization of Cupid's motive at last, and a thousand little traits in Norman which she had passed over for love's sake, were suddenly made clear. And Cupid had saved her. But he never told her what he knew about Norman. Nobody knew that. Only it did not matter, for Norman was never seen in Little Falls again.

Simple Home Remedies. When baby bumps its head, rub salted butter on the spot. It will stop swelling and keep the place from turning black and blue.

If sweet oil be applied to the skin after a blow or bruise, it will not turn black and blue.

Now that winter is here, the children are constantly bothered with colds on the lungs and croup. A good remedy: Buy five cents' worth of Scotch snuff. Take a cloth large enough to cover the desired spot, grease it well with fresh lard, next sprinkle with some of the snuff; heat and put on the place; immediate relief.

A mustard plaster will not blister if the part to be plastered is first rubbed with vasoline and a coating left on the skin.

The dark circle around the neck may be removed by nightly rubbing with lemon juice and discarding high, stiff neckwear.

The True Philanthropist.

A true philanthropist is a man who is willing to study harder to give his money away than he did to earn it.

## CANADIAN CONTINGENT TO THE FRONT



Second battalion of Canadian light infantry of the First brigade leaving Salisbury Plain for the front.

## BAD BOYS WIN V. C.

Village Terrors Are Now Acclaimed as Heroes.

Show Remarkable Nerve in the Face of Great Danger and Are Awarded Highest Honor in British Service.

London.—Here's the story of two "bad boys" who made good in the great European war.

Formerly the despair of their parents and teachers, Driver Job Henry Drain, Thirty-seventh battery, Royal Field Artillery, and Lance Corporal William Fuller of the Royal Welsh regiment are now popular heroes and the pride of the towns of which they were once considered the disgrace. For the "bad boys" of Barking and Swansea have won the little bronze crosses which enable them to place the letters V. C. after their names, and which put them on the roll of England's greatest heroes for all time.

Barking, in Essex, and Swansea, in Wales, are far apart and Drain and Fuller may never meet, but their stories are sufficiently similar to tell together.

Drain is the son of a Barking laborer, and as a boy he never made any pretense about wishing to rise in the world. He hated school and played truant so often he was placed in the Walthamstow Truant school. Job thrived exceedingly on the regular life at the reform farm, and curiously enough took readily to the physical and military drill, a part of the curriculum. He was a clean-built, well-set-up youth of sixteen when three years ago he was told that he must choose a career and leave his place of detention. He elected to join the army and entered the Royal Field Artillery as a "boy."

He was eighteen and a half when the great war broke out, and his battery was one of the first in the field, having moved to France with the Irish division. At Mons and during the famous retreat Drain did his duty and looked after his pair of gun horses in fine style, but it was at Le Cateau that he had the opportunity of showing that bad boys at school were not necessarily incorrigible.

There his battery got into a tight corner, and it seemed certain that the guns must be captured by the advancing Germans. Guns are the apple of an artilleryman's eye, and the officers called for volunteers to save them. Most of the gunners had been killed, but with a comrade, Driver Frederick Luke, the "Bad Boy of Barking," dashed through a hail of bullets and hatching up his team, brought back three guns in succession. Before the two heroes got the third gun away the German infantry were within a hundred yards, but the "worst boy in

## FRENCH GUN ON RAILS



One of the huge guns of the French artillery, mounted on a carriage specially constructed for transportation by rail, is seen here being discharged. This gun is trained on some German trenches about two miles away.

## PULLET SPORTS FOUR LEGS

This Variety of Fowl Would Furnish Plenty of Drumsticks for Big Family Dinner.

Bristol, Pa.—Probably the only chicken in all the world that can kick with both hind legs at the same time that it scratches its ear with the toes of one of its forefeet is a Plymouth Rock pullet owned by Joseph H. Vanzant, antiquarian and chicken champion of this borough. It is a

genuine quadruplet pullet, but with a disposition to stick to the traditions of its blood ancestors—except on occasions that demand the combined kick and ear-tickler.

Joe got this four-legged chicken from his nephew, Frank Vanzant of Walnut street, so that he can vouch for it as being to the manner born, and yet he did want the opinion of science as to its why and wherefore.

So he took Miss Pullet to the Jefferson Medical college, Philadelphia, where there was a general agreement that it

the school "never flinched. With his comrade he galloped back to the battery with the precious field pieces.

Both were awarded Victoria crosses. Lance Corporal Fuller's story is almost the same.

The "Bad Boy of Swansea" was incorrigible until taken in hand by the Swansea Industrial school. He, too, acquired a respect for discipline and joined the Royal Welsh regiment.

It was at the battle of the Alame, when near Chivry the regiment suffered fearful losses, that Fuller's chance came. Outnumbered six to one, the Royal Welsh fought desperately to hold their position. Officer Captain Haggard, the Swansea "bad boy's" company commander, who fell, shouting, "Stick it, Welsh." Nobly the bad boy and his few remaining comrades "stuck it," and when retirement was inevitable Fuller went back for his officer. He had to run a hundred yards under murderous rifle and machine gun fire before he found his captain. Captain Haggard, knowing himself to be mortally wounded, ordered the plucky "noncom" to go back, but Fuller insisted upon picking him up and carrying him on his shoulders to a place of comparative safety.

## CLEFT BY AIR DART

Man Transfixed by a Shot From Teuton Aviator.

Steel Arrow Goes From Head to Foot. Killing Man Instantly—Dogs Scurry for Shelter When They Hear Cannon.

By A. R. DECKER.

Correspondent of the Chicago News. Ponta-Mousson, France.—Beautifully clear and crisp winter weather brought out the French and German aviators today. The first to appear was a German air craft from Metz. It was a brand new biplane with broad spreading wings and shining armor.

The big yellow bird flew nearly overhead and dropped something which gleamed white for an instant and then disappeared from view. I waited tensely for the explosion, which failed to come. The aviator departed in the direction of St. Genevieve. Afterward I learned that he had dropped a card with a message that the Kaiser sent salutations to Ponta-Mousson on his birthday and that later he would endeavor to send more substantial greetings in the form of shells.

The aviator of the Kaiser kept his word. This afternoon the German battery in the quarry at Norroy bombarded the town and shells fell near the railroad station, on the boulevard and at the gas works.

When the first shell raced in, leaving a trail of high pitched noise, I was standing at the corner of the main cross street where some dogs were prowling about. The first dull boom of the cannon sent them running like mad into a neighboring hallway. Most of the people also sought shelter until the storm of flying steel had passed.

Heavy cannonading was heard in the east, along the Seille river, all the afternoon, and to follow it more closely, I walked up and down the bank of the Moselle from the sentinel at one end of the town to the sentinel at the other end, who mark the limits of my liberty. Suddenly I heard a purring noise coming from a northerly direction and, looking up, I saw coming swiftly toward me a German aeroplane, which might have been the same that came earlier in the day. I watched it with my glasses, and as he had done in the morning, the aviator now dropped something which glowed for an instant in the sunshine before it was lost to view.

Later I learned the object the flyer had dropped was a steel arrow which transfixed a man from head to foot.

A French housewife has opened a little coffee house along one of the routes of march and serves hot coffee and tea to the soldiers. She has named her little inn "The Hearty Welcome."

SPINSTERS BECKON IN VAIN

Monument of Oregon Bachelor Bears Unique Expression of His Enduring Aversion to Matrimony.

Myrtle Point, Ore.—To an independent, good-looking bachelor, who in his younger days preferred to live a single life rather than get married and be ruled by a petticoat boss through this life and perhaps in eternity."

A granite monument bearing this unique epitaph and surmounted by the rather heroic effigy of a bachelor standing on one side of the River Jordan, with three old maids on the other, beckoning him to cross, marks the grave of E. B. Waite, an eccentric resident of Myrtle Point, who died recently at an advanced age.

In his will Waite left explicit directions for the heaving of the monument, and the inscription it should bear.

## CAT CHAPERON FOR CHICKS

Watches Over Them Daily With Mother's Care Till They Go to Roost.

Jefferson City, Mo.—A cat that cares for a brood of chickens is the property of Mrs. John P. Gordon, wife of the state auditor.

The cat attracted the attention of neighbors some time ago by its peculiar conduct. At first it was thought it was following the chickens around to kill one for a meal. This idea was soon dispelled when day after day the performance was repeated.

Then it was observed that the cat attached itself to a brood of late "fryers," now about half grown. It watches over this bunch of chickens with apparently motherly solicitude, follows them about all day and never leaves them until they go to roost for the night. Then the cat returns to the Gordon residence and conducts herself, so far as known, during the night just as any other respectable feline. This story is vouched for by all the Gordon neighbors.

## Donates Sleeping Quarters to Troops.

Plymouth, England.—Mrs. Waldorf Astor, who is living at Plymouth, has given all the men in two Scotch regiments encamped there cottages in which to sleep.

killing him instantly. The victim was a civilian. He was the twenty-first killed in Ponta-Mousson by German and French aeroplanes, shells and stray bullets.

## HOT COFFEE FOR SOLDIERS



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## LIVING IN A PLAY

By EMMA LEE WALTON.

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Her name was Miss Carberry, and she was young and pretty, in a quiet sort of way. She came in two or three times every month from one of the suburbs to do her shopping, and she was the easiest person to wait on I ever saw.

She wasn't a bit like these women who make you haul out everything in stock, and then walk snippily away, saying they guess they'll get it somewhere else; or, even when she didn't want to buy, she was that kindly it was a pleasure to do things for her. I always like to remember her, when it seems some days as though women folks were pretty hard to deal with.

She remarked to Minnie once that she was a stranger everywhere, having recently come from the South after traveling all over the world. It was all along of her being friends with our floorman, Mr. Winter, that we first noticed her. They'd met somewhere, and he was always sure to come and talk to her for a good half hour as soon as she appeared on the floor, whether she was buying waists or suits or a kimono. We all noticed it, of course, but by and by we got so used to it we didn't even smile to each other.

Well, everything went all right until one day toward spring they quarreled. We didn't know a thing about it until some one said she hadn't been in for weeks, and then we took to watching. Along in April she came in, in a hurry, for a waist, and that tall Miss Ring waited on her. She wanted the waist charged, and wished to take it with her, so Miss Ring called Mr. Winter.

Mr. Winter signed the check, Miss Carberry bowed freezingly and said "Thank you," and he walked away, for all the world as though she were a complete stranger to him. It was like one of the melodramas where the heroine freezes the hero with a look before she knows he is "a man with a heart of gold, though a rough exterior."

Miss Ring said she nearly fell over, she was that surprised and taken back, but of course she didn't say a word to Miss Carberry. After that we didn't see her again for weeks, and were just beginning to wonder if Mr. Winter would ever get over it, when in she came with the strange lady.

The strange lady was quietly dressed, and seemed very nice, but I didn't take to her a bit. We'd had an awfully hard day, anyway, and I was terribly sorry I didn't happen to be off the floor when they came in. I'd got an awful calling down, too, because I lost a "Don't-ticket" off one of the suits being fitted, and I just wanted to cry. But when they came in, and Mr. Sample called me to wait on them, shouting my name as though I were deaf, I had to go and be good.

Miss Carberry and the stranger had met on the train, and seemed already good friends, though Miss Carberry was usually so reserved. They were both looking for blue suits, so I could wait on them together, which made it easier.

I had shown about fifteen suits, when a customer came hurrying back from the elevator and grabbed my arm just as I was going into one of the little stock rooms.

She had lost her purse, she said, and she was all broken up, for it had lots in it. We were all sorry for her, and helped hunt, the stranger being especially nice about it. She spent so much time looking that she said she couldn't stay any longer, as she had to telephone a friend at once. Then the customer who had lost her purse got still more excited and I sent one of the stock boys after Mr. Daly, our detective, because I saw the lady suspected the stranger, who was leaving the department.

When Mr. Daly came to me I told him all about it as fast as I could, and he stood a moment watching the stranger disappear. Something in her manner seemed to bother him, for he walked after her as quick as a flash.

Miss Carberry was nervous and distressed, but didn't realize at any time that the two quiet-looking men standing by the window were two other store detectives, who had been summoned by Mr. Daly, and had their eyes on her. They signed to me to go on showing goods; so I did, though my hands shook with excitement, and I was terribly nervous over the wailing of the lady who lost the purse.

We were getting nervous enough to scream, when the manager's office boy came down to speak to the detectives, and they asked us if we would have any objection to going with them to one of the upper floors. They picked up an elevator that was empty, and we went up, scared out of our wits.

When we came in Mr. Daly was standing by the desk answering Mr. Huston's questions and the stranger was crying softly into a lace handkerchief. Miss Carberry was as white as a sheet, but the lady who had lost her purse was real calm.

## Funny Tug of War.

At a logging camp in lower Mississippi one day a hog commenced squealing vigorously and when the foreman investigated, he found that the porker had been seized by an alligator and was being drawn into water. He called for help and three men seized the hog and pulled. Then began a tug of war. The men would pull the hog and the alligator would pull the hog and men back again. This merry game—for all but the hog—went on until a fourth man came running with an ax, and with it he hit the alligator such a rap on the head that it relaxed its grip, and the men saved the hog, or what was left of it.

## Compassion.

Hobo—I've eaten nothing but snow-balls for three days.

Lady—Poor man! What would you have done had it been summer time?

## Well-Trained Hen.

Canton, N. J.—To save herself a walk to the barn, Mrs. Ray S. Turner has taught one of her hens to fly into the kitchen and lay an egg there.

Optimistic Thought.

We mount on the ruins of cherished schemes to find our failures such

Mr. Huston had Mr. Daly tell us how he had followed the stranger to a telephone booth, where he had seen her take a purse from her sleeve and pour the money and bills into her stocking, throwing the purse afterward on the floor. He had followed her to the elevator then, and told the conductor to go up, though he was on his way down at the time. When he finished his story, Mr. Huston asked the lady to describe her property as well as she could.

She did easily describe the purse and the money, and Mr. Huston excused her and let her go, after taking her name and address. Then it came my turn to answer questions that came thick and fast, and I had to stay after she finished making them.

I was glad, because I wanted to hear the rest. I tried to put in a word for Miss Carberry, but only made matters worse for her, perhaps, though she looked at me gratefully out of her white face.

When Mr. Huston cross-examined her, he was as kind as he had been to me, though it was plain to be seen that he was sure she was in the thing somehow. Her not knowing anybody in Chicago looked pretty bad for her, and it was much worse that she had to one in Peoria who was willing to refer to.

Mr. Huston kind of smiled crooked when she said the man who had gone surety for her running an account in Meadows' store had died the week before. Things were beginning to be pretty dark for her when I thought of Mr. Winter. I was going to blurt his name right out when I remembered he had quarreled and she might even deny she knew him at all.

I thought I knew him well enough, however, to feel sure he wouldn't think of anything except that she was in trouble and needed him. So I asked Mr. Huston if I might phone to our department. He looked surprised when Mr. Winter came in.

"We are conducting a private investigation," Mr. Winter, he said coldly. "Could your business wait a half hour?"

"I beg pardon," Mr. Winter said. "I understood you wished me to come up here at once."

"I phoned for Mr. Winter," I said eagerly. "He can help Miss Carberry, if you will let me tell him."

I was astonished at my own boldness, but I knew Mr. Huston liked straightforward people, and anyhow—I had to. He smiled.

"Go ahead," he said. It took a good many words to tell it all straight, and Mr. Winter's face was a study. He looked angry and hurt and puzzled, and then he burst out before I finished, as sudden as lightning.

"Mr. Huston, Miss Carberry is as honest and straight as you are!" he cried sharply. "If she says she met this woman on the train, you may know it's as true as Gospel. I will stand responsible for her every act and thought. It's an outrage, by Jove. It is! She's as innocent as—"

Mr. Huston raised his hand and turned to Miss Carberry.

"Do you know Mr. Winter?" he asked severely.

Miss Carberry hesitated. When he first came in she had looked very angry to think he had dared; but when she found how it was her face softened a little, and there was a funny little light in her eyes when he became so excited.

"Yes," she said softly. "I used to know Mr. Winter."

"If all this is true, Mr. Winter," Mr. Huston said slowly, "how can you explain his unwillingness to send for you before?"

"I didn't send for him this time," Miss Carberry protested gently. "Please remember that."

Mr. Winter grew red and glanced at Miss Carberry, who leaned forward, listening with parted lips and very pink cheeks. He hesitated a moment, but her eyes seemed to sort of smile, and he answered reluctantly:

"Well, you see," he stammered, "Miss Carberry and I've been friends for a long, long time, but a while ago we—we had a falling out, and she said she'd never speak to me again. So, you see—"

Mr. Huston smiled.

"I understand," he said. "It would take a hardened sinner not to believe your faith in her justified. Miss Carberry, I am sorry you have been inconvenienced, but I think you can see our position."

Miss Carberry smiled, but couldn't speak.

"Now, Daly," Mr. Huston went on briskly, "I hand the real prisoner over to you. Find out whether it is her first offense and act accordingly. Madam, I would have been more inclined to let you go had you said the least word to help Miss Carberry out of the pickle you put her in. Remember that next time. You are excused, all of you."

At the doorway I looked back and caught a glimpse of Miss Carberry crying on Mr. Winter's serge coat, and I forgot how tired and nervous and cross I had felt all the whole day long.

I felt for once as though I was living in a novel or a play.

## Mystery About Precious Stones.

That the diamond and other precious stones were made in the unfathomed and fiery caves of earth and brought to the surface by volcanic or other upheaval, is well established, especially in regard to those of the South African fields; but more mysterious than this is that they have been found in the paths of the ancient glacial drifts of North America. They are held to be very vaguely related to all crystalline forms which are others of the mysteries.

## Came Together.

George and Robert are twins. One day when they were about